The Popes Eſchucheon, or Coate of Armes.

In a field Sable he beareth Tripartite, three Furies, *Hereſie, Frenzy and Hypocriſy.*

His fiue graceleſſe children, which he hath begotten vpon the Whore of Babylon (whoſe name is Idolatry) are:

A Papiſt Dormant, A Papiſt Cowchant, A Papiſt Paſſant,
A Papiſt Rampant, A Papiſt Pendant.

A Papiſt Dormant cloſely lyes and ſleepes,
And knowes what hold the Law of ſtures doth take:
But in his boſome venam cloſe he keepes,
To worke ſome miſchiefe when he is awake.
Dead in his ſlumber let him lye and dye,
That neuer wakes but for a villany.

For when hee ſleepes, he can but dreame of ill,
But when he wakes, he may goe worſe to worke:
When wicked wit is ioyn'd with wretched will,
To ſhew what venam in the ſoule doth lurke.
Such ſleepy curres are fitteſt for the Rope,
That ſo doe ſell their ſoules to ſerue the Pope.

A Papiſt Cowchant lyes and leeres aſide,
To catch at any chance may fit his choyce,
And takes his time, and watcheth for his tyde,
That wicked hopes may make his hart reioyce,
And hart, and ſoule, and goods and lands will ſpend,
To bring his humors to a Helliſh end.

In a Rebellion he doth ſtraight ariſe;
In murther ready to be deepe in blood,
In plots his wit will with the worſt deuiſe,
In Treaſon is his hart and ſpirits good,
In malice no man can inuent more euill,
In all and ſome a plaine Incarnat Deuill.

A Papiſt Paſſant trotteth too and fro,
With letters, errands, meſſages and newes:
And from the Pope doth to the Deuill goe,
But by the way he ſpends Maſſes in the Stewes,
And neuer thinkes his buſines well o'repaſt,
Till he be made a hanging ſaint at laſt.

Then to the gallowes let this gallant paſſe,
For feare he goe too farre out of his way,
And for his Saint-ſhip let the Pope ſing Maſſe:
It is enough. A Dog muſt haue a day:
And ſo muſt he, whoſe more then bogged hart,
Deſerues to hang in Hell for his deſert.

The Papiſt Rampant ſcornes the meanes eſtate;
Forgets that earth muſt go to earth againe,
And in the fury of a fiendly hate,
Feeds his bad ſpirit with a bloudy braine,
And in his humor walkes aboue the ſkyes,
Till falling in pieces on the earth he lyes.

This lufty blood will looke aboue the moone,
Subuert a Kingdome, and vſurp a Crowne:
And make a morning of an afternoone,
Aduance a Peſant, and a King pull downe,
And clyme ſo high, that with a ſodaine fall,
He ſlips his foote, and breakes his neck withall.

The Papiſt Pendant hath a high degree,
And by the Maſſe is made A hanging Saynt:
An honour fit for ſuch a Slaue as hee,
That ſo with Treaſon will his ſoule acquaynt:
As careleſſe of all good, he workes all euill,
To plodde himſelfe A ſeruant for the Deuill

[illegible]
To ruinate three Realmes in ſuch a ſhape?
Or euer practiz'd 'gainſt a King and State,
By any Traytour of a helliſh minde?
Yea, on my life, ſince time that Sillo fell,
This Damned plot all other did excell.

How good a ſight it is to ſee the head
Of Traytour Percy, and of Catesby by,
Who were by wicked will ſo lewdly led,
To drinke a draught in ſuch a poyſoned cup?
It ioyes my ſoule, when I their heads beholde,
Noting how God their Treaſon did vnfolde.

For which all Britaynes now may well reioyce,
And prayſe the Lord with Inſtruments and voyce
For our deliuerance from thoſe Traytours hands,
That ſo did worke to bring vs into bands,
Giuing the King ſuch inſight in the Letter,
To make conſtruction, whereof ne're was better.

Bleſt be his Grace, for that moſt bleſſed deede,
And all his royall Progeny that ſhall him ſucceede,
Bleſt be he ſtill in Court, City and Towne,
To whome the GOD of all eternall glore
Gaue ſuch Inſight to pull thoſe Traytours downe,
To Britaynes bliſſe and neuer ending ioy;
That hee may breathe an euerlaſting breath,
And thoſe may pyne in hell that ſeeke his death.
AMEN.

Written by a Gentleman, that careth as much for the Popes curſe, as the Deuils bleſſing.